
THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

NOVEMBER, 1819.

MISS CATHERINE STEPHENS.

THERE is not, unquestionably, at this period, a more deserving favourite on the British stage, or one who excites more general admiration, than the lovely and interesting subject of our present attention, whose vocal abilities we cannot appreciate too highly, nor on whose power of pleasing we cannot dwell with too much praise, since we believe there are few who have ever listened to her captivating strain, but will acknowledge, in the words of our immortal bard, "that she comes o'er our ear like the sweet South, breathing from a bank of violets," and resistlessly charms all those who feel the influence of her "'witching" song! Miss Stephens is of the most respectable family; her father was formerly a carver and gilder in this metropolis; and her eldest sister is the wife of Mr. J. Smith, late of Drury-lane theatre. His lady was the admired Polly, in *The Beggars' Opera*, and the favourite Margretta, in *No Song no Supper*, which she performed with considerable *eclat* for successive nights, at the theatre Drury-lane.—Our vocal heroine was placed under the tuition of Mr. Gesualdo Lanza, with whom she continued nearly five years, studying the practical elements of singing with such

rapid improvement, as shortly to evince that promising display of talent, which time has since so effectually ripened into excellence, and which, like the sweet budding rose, expanded almost hourly to full perfection. She afterwards became the pupil of Mr. T. Welsh; and, in the hands of so able an instructor, added no little to the laurels of his well-known fame. We shall now trace our charming syren to the boards of Covent-Garden theatre, where she made her first appearance in the character of Mandane, in Artaxerxes; it was not with unblushing mien, that she stood before us, a candidate for public favour. No; let it be ever acknowledged, that timidity, though it may be sometimes indulged to excess, is a "*feature*" seldom gazed on with *indifference*, and never with prejudice, by an impartial and discriminating audience; it may, indeed, obscure, but cannot eclipse, the bright and dazzling ray of native genius. Miss Stephens was rapturously encored in all her songs; and she appeared in her character of Mandane, for a succession of nights, pouring on us "the melody of song," like the sweet warbling nightingale, which, when unseen, leaves yet its soft vibrations on the heart it has so thrillingly charmed. Such was Miss Stephens; and thus may we hail her theatrical career down to the present era of her success—a sweet child of simplicity, for such she continually appears, without which, in all her acting, our amiable heroine would be divested of her principal charm. She is at once arch and expressive in her character of Zerlina, in *The Libertine*; and when we have the pleasure of beholding her in the pensive Zelinda, she is there no less peculiarly interesting; and we feel, irresistibly feel, that we can not only pity, but could, indeed, "*protect The Slave*" for ever!

It is with no small satisfaction that we add, to such eminent vocal abilities as Miss Stephens is possessed of, she unites, in the more private walks of life, the most endearing and unaffected manners, in which she invariably supports the *always-admired characters* of an affectionate daughter, a kind sister, and an amiable friend.

VIEWS OF LIFE AND CHARACTER.

No. VII.

LETTER TO C. CANDID, ESQ.

(Concluded from page 188.)

WE had brought with us a few letters of introduction; and, as our principal object was to get into good society, we hastened to present them; but in this respect we were completely disappointed. I do not mean, however, to blame those persons to whom they were addressed, because, as they principally belonged to the exiled *noblesse*, who had returned since the king's restoration, they really had not the means to be hospitable; and their pride induced them naturally enough not to invite us, because they could not receive us according to their rank. Besides, the French are, if I may coin a phrase, an *out-of-door people*; they have no idea of domestic pleasures; to be amused, they must be always in a crowd; their public walks, theatres, spectacles, &c. constitute their happiness; they are willing to do the honours of them to strangers, and, in general, their ideas of attention and kindness to foreigners go no further.

Thus disappointed of the brilliant society we had expected, we were very glad to take up with what we could get; and soon, through the indefatigable exertions of my wife, who was determined, she said, not to come to Paris for nothing, we had company enough; but I am sure they were of a sort that could neither improve our morals nor our manners. Nevertheless, my wife and daughter were delighted with their new associates; and when at last they succeeded in getting an invitation to the *petits sou-*

pers of Madame la Comtesse de Parvenue, they fancied that they had got into the very first world. It was in vain that I pointed out *grosièretés* in the manners of Madame and her associates; my wife insisted, that what I complained of was merely the ease of high breeding; and when I expressed any doubts of the high breeding of persons who had formerly been laundresses and sempstresses, I was attacked both by mother and daughter for listening to scandalous stories.

In order to prove her own liberality and freedom from all such prejudices, my wife kept open table for her worthy friends. She told me also, that she had consulted my palate in the choice of a cook; but it happened that I could seldom find any thing fit to eat, though our cook, Monsieur Fricandean, assured me, that he dressed provisions in the English manner better than any man in France. Our guests all complimented Mrs. Homebred on the exquisite science of M. Fricandean; and, among so many voices, my opinion went for nothing.

I was at first so much engaged in comparing the present with the former state of the country, for I had visited it thirty years before, as well as in seeing every thing worthy of notice, that I did not look so narrowly as I ought to have done after the female part of my family; I was roused from my supineness by my wife's proposing to have a concert and card party on a Sunday; and on my flatly refusing to suffer such a profanation of the day, I was assured by my daughter, that it was quite absurd to deny myself an innocent amusement out of mere prejudice. The *Comte Sans Sens*, who happened to be present, entered immediately into a dissertation upon prejudices, under which head, he let us see plainly enough he comprehended all religious notions. I should have treated his harangue with the silent contempt it deserved, had I not seen, with secret vexation, that his abominable sophistry had some weight upon my wife and daughter. This circumstance decided me to return to England directly. I immediately called in my bills, and I found,

with no small surprise, that I was living in this *cheap* country at a much greater expence than I had been in England. I announced my intention to return home immediately; and, notwithstanding a stout opposition from my wife, and the tears of my daughter, I carried my point.

But, my dear sir, though I have brought the persons of the women home with me, their hearts remain in Paris; and they are so wedded to folly and foppery, that I question whether they will ever again become rational beings. My wife protests, that she can't touch our plain English dishes; and accuses me of a design to starve her, because I refused to bring over M. Fricandean, at an exorbitant salary. My daughter has left off tea since her visit to France, and she cannot find coffee in England fit to drink. Fruit too, and vegetables, which constituted formerly a part of her food, she has now discovered are so very bad in this country, that they are not eatable.

All this, Mr. Candid, though ridiculous in itself, is very teasing to a man who loves to see his family assembled at meal times with good appetites and cheerful faces. But this is not the worst; both mother and daughter have acquired a taste for dissipation, which promises to destroy our domestic comfort, and my endeavours to restrain it keep us in perpetual hot water: nor is it only our own peace and harmony that is destroyed by this unlucky trip; I was foolish enough to suffer Mrs. Homebred to import a French *femme de chambre*; and this slut, who has all the intriguing genius of her nation, though she cannot speak a word of English, contrives to create perpetual broils among my other servants. Such, sir, are the fruits of my trip to France; and I hope, that my case may operate as a warning to induce others to remain quietly at home, if they value the blessings of peace and comfort; neither of which, they may be assured, they can ever enjoy so truly as in old England.

I am, sir,

Your most obedient,

HARRY HOMEBRED.

As my correspondent's disappointment may have some weight with the reflecting part of my readers, I have inserted his letter, though without any very sanguine hope that it will have much effect. In fact, the rage for visiting Paris has now so completely infected all classes of people, that it may be looked on as an epidemic disease; and I am certain, that in its progress it is quite as fatal to the health of the mind as epidemic distempers are to that of the body. I am puzzled, however, to account for its prevalence among one class of the community—I mean those whom we style the true John Bull breed; I am certain that they cannot be happy in French society, from the marked contrast that there is between them and that nation. When abroad, indeed, they generally associate with one another, and this is sometimes carried to such a pitch, that I lately heard a gentleman boast of never having exchanged half a dozen words with a Frenchman, during a residence of four months in Paris. As it is impossible for people of this description to make any rational excuse for leaving their own country, I think it is a thousand pities that some means cannot be taken either to prevent them from going, to bring our nation into disrepute abroad; or, if that cannot be done, at least to turn their folly to the advantage of the nation at large. If Ministers, instead of the unpopular taxes they have recently imposed, had levied one on all such English absentees as could not give good and sufficient reason for a temporary desertion of their country, I fancy they would have raised the sum they wanted much more expeditiously, as well as in a manner more pleasant to the public feeling, since the tax, instead of pressing heavily upon the industrious poor, would have fallen wholly upon that idle and luxurious class, who not knowing how to employ or amuse themselves, are ever in search of novelty; they go abroad without any rational purpose, and reap no other fruit from their travels, than that of adding foreign follies and vices to the large stock of both which they carry with them.

C. CANDID.

THE BATTUECAS;
A ROMANCE,

FOUNDED ON A MOST INTERESTING HISTORICAL FACT.

TRANSLATION,

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME LA COMTESSE DE GENLIS.

(Concluded from page 193.)

THE physician interrupted this affecting scene by conjuring Donna Bianca to go to bed, and prescribing for the remainder of the day, both silence and actual rest. She consented, on condition that she should not be separated a single instant from her daughter. Don Pedro and Placid left her chamber, and went with Theophilus to the apartment of Inés. The latter partook of all the astonishment and joy of Placid; and, when their rapturous feelings had somewhat subsided, Placid asked Don Pedro how it happened, that, instead of having a son of nine years of age, whose birth he had announced to father Isidore, he had a daughter of five years.—Alas! answered Don Pedro, I was really the father of a boy; but he did not live; he died six weeks after his birth. We would not inform you of this sad event: you had been too short a time in the valley to ask you to return; and we resolved to spare you the chagrin of representing to you our affliction. In a few years, a fresh pregnancy gave Donna Bianca the hope of enjoying a happiness that she passionately desired, that of having a daughter. Heaven favoured her wishes. I informed father Isidore of this event; but the courier returned without an answer; and I have since learnt, that this message, as well as some others, was never received in the valley. Donna Bianca suckled her daughter, who was ten months

old, and who had just been weaned, when business of the highest importance suddenly called me to France. War had been declared; yet we were far from foreseeing that it would be carried on with so much cruelty. I thought, that, in leaving my daughter in a castle which appeared to be screened from invasion, she would be perfectly safe. Besides, I did not think of staying at Paris more than a few months. I requested my wife to go with me; and she consented. She put her daughter under the care of a woman whose attachment and prudence she knew; but she parted from this adored infant with heart-rending sorrow, who, at that age, promised to become as beautiful as her mother. Three months after, the war in Spain had assumed a character of phrenzy, whose details make one shudder. The enemy penetrated into the province where the castle was situate that my daughter inhabited. Her governess fled, carrying away the infant entrusted to her care: she took refuge in the house of one of her brothers, near the unfortunate town which has been so inhumanly devastated. She fell ill, and kept her bed, when the rapid approach of the enemy obliged all those who inhabited it to save themselves by flight, with the exception of my daughter's governess, who remained with her, having neither the courage, nor the power, to escape. The enemy set fire to this deserted house: Providence, who watched over our infant, sent you to save it: we have not the power to return such a favour; and heaven alone can reward you. Ah! said Placid, grasping Don Pedro's hand, what recompence can equal that of having restored you to peace and happiness? But, dear Don Pedro, continued he, inform me how you have been able, for several years, to conceal this event from Donna Bianca.—I was a long time ignorant of it myself, answered Don Pedro; all communication being entirely broken off. If I had not been detained by business, the danger of the roads would have prevented me returning to Spain with Donna Bianca. Yet she was so uneasy at not receiving intelligence of her daughter, that it soon affected her health; and she at length fell into a most alarming state of

languishment. I then resolved to deceive her; and by stratagem removed her fears, and she recovered her health. I kept her in this error during our stay in France. When we arrived here, I was obliged to disclose our misfortune; but I concealed from her the tragic event which had deprived her of her child. All my precautions in this respect were frustrated by the imprudence of a new servant, who, forgetting my orders, gave her a letter, which learnt her, that her daughter had perished with her governess beneath the falling roof of a house on fire. Then her grief was boundless; and, had you not come as you did, dear Placid, she would have fallen a victim to it; so that I am indebted to you for preserving her life as well as the life of my daughter. When Don Pedro had done speaking, it was agreed, that Placid should defer his narrative till the next day, in order to give Donna Bianca an opportunity of hearing it.

Donna Bianca called for Inès; and embraced, and thanked her; she wished for her, because Placidia was weeping, and asked for her. Placid was this day too much agitated, and still too uneasy for the health of Donna Bianca, to be sensible of the full extent of his happiness; yet the notice Don Pedro took of young Theophilus, pleased him highly. I knew, said Don Pedro, every thing which related to this child; father Isidore, at my request, wrote to us concerning his education, character, and person, which made us desire to see him. This conversation, while it afforded Placid joy and gratitude, excited in his breast the greatest remorse for having doubted of so tender and generous a friendship. He did not go to bed, lest sleep should deprive him for hours of the exquisite feeling of happiness which he now enjoyed. He passed the whole night in the park of the castle: there, alone, in the midst of a peaceful night, and in the face of heaven, he interrogated his conscience; and on examining his heart, he found there so much affection for Inès, so sincere an attachment to Don Pedro, so pure a friendship for Donna Bianca, that the remembrance of his

love was painful to him. Donna Bianca was become so respectable and so sacred an object in his eyes, that he could have wished never to have loved her but as a sister. O thou! said he, the faithful wife of the best of men, and my friend! thou, the adoptive mother of my son! never will I raise upon thee a profane look; never will I contemplate thy beauty; purified by gratitude, and the holy ties of friendship which unite us, I will drive from my imagination the frivolous thoughts which would recal thy charms and talents, and henceforward think only of thy virtues.

The day surprised Placid in this pleasing reverie. Don Pedro came for him, and conducted him to Donna Bianca, who was scarcely to be known again; for she had recovered her strength, vivacity, and nearly her health. This was an enchanting day. Placidia, dressed by her mother's hands, and beautiful as an angel, was, as well her happy deliverer, an object of universal admiration. Every one was admitted into the saloon to see her; the domestics, the peasants of the farm belonging to the castle, and the neighbours; and Don Pedro and Donna Bianca were never tired of repeating—Placid is the person who saved her at the hazard of his life, and restored her to us!—In the evening, when they were alone together, Placid, placed between Inès and Donna Bianca, related the narrative of his journey to Spain. This recital, which astonished, and made Inès shudder, greatly affected Don Pedro and Donna Bianca. They did not separate till midnight. Placid, at the height of human felicity, went again into the garden, not to pass the night there, but to enjoy, undisturbed, for some time, the voluptuous remembrance of this memorable day; and cried out, O! rapid and tumultuous dream! restless and fragile happiness of love! how near you are to those ineffable joys of the heart, produced by the feelings of nature, faithful friendship, and virtue!

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

ALL that is said in this work concerning the origin, singular history, character, manners, &c. of the Battuécas, is strictly true: the description of their mysterious valley may be relied on. The adventure of the Duke of Albe, who, through miraculous chance, discovered this little colony, is also an historical fact. All these details, equally interesting and curious, are to be found in the Dictionnaire de Moreri, and the Voyage de M. de Bourgoing, an author of undoubted veracity. Many Spanish authors have written about them, and all their accounts perfectly agree. This fortunate little republic existed in all the happiness of obscurity, and enjoyed the oblivion of the rest of the world, in the year 1806: we know not, whether, since this epoch, it has been disturbed by the bloody war which desolated Spain; but are inclined to think, that, defended by its rocks, and preserved by its poverty, ambition has never stooped to enslave or corrupt them.

There is nothing historical in the work which I present to the public but the details relative to the Battuécas; every thing else is invention. I have endeavoured to infuse some interest into the description of the valley of the Battuécas; but in admiring the innocence of their manners, and in animadverting upon our own, I did not intend to satirize civilization; so far from it, I wished to prove that *heroic virtue*, which is only the happy use of moral power, cannot be where there is nothing to contend with; and that it can only be found in the midst of every kind of seduction, which are united to weaken and destroy it, and consequently in a state of civilization. Placid, a young Battuécas, the hero of this romance, is not a savage, without the power of judgment and reflection, nor a misanthrope, who views only the dark side of human nature;

he is full of benevolence for all mankind; enlightened by the precepts of Christianity, he possesses that true cultivation of mind, which gives perfection to moral ideas; gifted with the most happy organization, born with an ardent imagination, a noble and sensible heart, he is suddenly thrown on the world, without knowing the prodigies of our arts and sciences, and with a total ignorance of our absurdities, customs, and manners: he is then alternately elevated and depressed by enthusiasm and indignation. His censure or praise is never exaggerated; yet their energy would be rather unnatural in a man whom custom had familiarised from his infancy to our arts, errors, and vices; but their justness is striking in the mouth of a Battuécas, because we feel that such must be the impressions of a rational and sensible creature, whose judgment nothing could corrupt; and who far from being surfeited by seductive talents, must feel their intoxicating charm. There is in this character and this situation something new, moral, and eminently dramatic, which I think I have passably developed in the most important scenes that this subject presented; but the ramifications of this idea required a more extended plan, more detail, in fine, at least a hundred pages more. I do not think the romantic part of the work is curtailed, but the criticism of manners is incomplete; it might have been so, not by cold reasoning, but by action. And not to have entirely filled this happy outline, is a great defect. Bad health, the fulfilling of engagements, and other causes, have compelled me to limit, contrary to my wishes, the extent of this work. I rather preferred abridging it than adding more scenes to it carelessly written. I have never bestowed more care and attention upon a work; and have meditated most profoundly upon the character of Placid. At least, I offer the public a work, done with all the application of which I am capable, and all the time necessary to execute it as well as my poor talents would permit.

THE TRANSLATOR TO THE PUBLIC.

THE Translator hopes, that a correct Translation of *Les Battuécas* will not be deemed an unacceptable service to the public: when he undertook it, he knew not that another was in hand; and if he had, even this would not have deterred him from the task. Whatever may be its other defects, it is a faithful translation; no liberties have been taken with the text; for wherever the genius of the two languages required a freedom of expression, great care has been taken to preserve the sense, if not the spirit, of the author.

SCOTCH HONOUR AND ATTACHMENT.

A PERSON of the name of Mac-Jan, alias Kennedy, after the defeat of the Pretender at Culloden, watched over him with inviolable fidelity for several weeks, and even robbed, at the risk of his own life, for his support, at the very time that he and his family were in a state of starvation, and when he could gain £30,000 by betraying his guest. This poor man was afterwards executed at Inverness for stealing a cow, in a very severe season, to keep his family from starving! A little before his execution, he took off his bonnet, and thanked God, "*that he never had betrayed a trust, never injured the poor, and never refused a share of what he had to the stranger and needy.*" It is said, that George the First was much affected when he heard of the fate of Mac-Jan; and, with a princely sentiment, declared, that if he had known the circumstance in proper time, he would have put him in a situation, in which he would not have been tempted to steal a cow for his subsistence. The Chevalier had ordered him some money, but poor Mac-Jan never received it.

ANNALS OF FEMALE FASHION;

IN WHICH

EVERY ANCIENT AND MODERN MODE

IS CAREFULLY TRACED FROM THE EARLIEST AGES TO THE
BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.*(Continued from page 202.)*

THE Italian style of hair-dressing, at the period I am speaking of, was very good; like their maternal ancestors, the Romans, they were fond of making a great display of their hair; but they arranged it with more taste and simplicity. Some formed the front hair into two or three braids, which were simply wound round the head, and partly restrained the luxuriance of the hind hair, some of which fell in the neck in ringlets, while the rest formed clusters of bows on one side of the head. Others had the front hair luxuriantly curled; the hind hair, disposed in innumerable braids and twisted with pearls, was partially seen through the rows of curls which they helped to confine. Flowers and jewels were worn by the fair Italians to decorate their heads; but in many instances there was no other ornament than the hair tastefully arranged.

The Italian ladies, when they went abroad, wrapped up a good deal, and often appeared masked; a large hat, a mask, and a loose kind of robe, with long wide sleeves, made so as to completely envelope the whole figure, constituted the general out-door costume of Italians of any rank. This robe was composed in winter of fine black cloth, and in summer of black silk: it differed very little from the *Mazzora*, which, to this day, forms the out-door dress in some parts of Italy.

Thus far we have visited the toilets, and inspected the wardrobes, of Jewish, Heathen, and Christian *belles*.

Let us now see how the fair professors of the law of Mahomet adorned their lovely persons.

There was, at the time I speak of, some variation in the costume of the Asiatic and European Turks; the latter wore long, full trowsers, which reached quite down to the shoe, and completely concealed the shape of that part of the figure; they were always composed of silks, in general of a slight texture; and, when worn by ladies of rank, were embroidered in gold or silver flowers. The chemise, which was made of white gauze, and richly embroidered round the bottom, was put on over the trowsers, and hung almost as low as the feet; it came up to the throat; but from the slightness of its texture, the shape of the bosom was perfectly visible through it; a single diamond, emerald, or ruby, buttoned it close to the neck. The sleeves were very wide and loose, and reached almost half way down the arm. Over the chemise was a waistcoat, made close to the shape, and always buttoned with precious stones; it had very long sleeves, which were richly embroidered at the ends. The caftan was made to correspond with the trowsers; it was an open robe, which reached to the feet, and had long, and rather tight sleeves; it was fastened round the waist by a broad girdle, composed in general of satin, and adorned, according to the circumstances of the wearer, with precious stones, or embroidery. I must not forget to observe, that the shoes, though they were scarcely visible, were always suitable to the magnificence of the rest of the dress; sometimes they were composed of white, or coloured leather, and decorated with gold or silver fringe, and sometimes of rich silver or gold tissue. The head-dress consisted of a turban, which was made according to the age of the wearer; if the lady was far advanced in life, it consisted of an innumerable number of folds of gold or silver gauze, or rich handkerchiefs, put together; it was sometimes ornamented with jewels; at others, with plumes of heron's feathers. This head-dress gave to a fine woman in the autumn of her days, that kind of air which the French call *l'imposant*; it was heavy, but

magnificent, and strictly appropriate. The youthful *belle* adorned her head with a light superstructure calculated to display the beauty of her tresses; a single handkerchief, the ends of which were suffered to hang down carelessly behind, was sometimes twisted through her luxuriant curls; at others, a little cap, of the turban shape, made in winter of velvet, and in summer of gauze, was bound carelessly on one side of the head by a band of pearls, or diamonds; the other side was ornamented with flowers or jewels. The hind hair was braided with ribands or pearls in different tresses, and suffered to hang at its full length behind. In winter, a rich loose robe, of heavy silk, or brocade, lined with ermine or sable, was worn occasionally over the caftan; its sleeves were so short as only to cover the shoulder.

So much for the home dress of the beautiful Infidels; as to their out-door costume, it was such as not to admit of any description; for they were never suffered to appear in the street without being so completely enveloped in thick veils, that it was impossible even to guess at their figures. These veils were either woollen or silk, according to the time of the year; but they were never distinguished by any kind of magnificence.

Such was, indeed we may say is, the style in which a sultana at Constantinople appears; for fashion with them is not, as with us, varying and inconstant.

The Arabian dress consisted also of loose trowsers, over which was a light chemise; it did not quite reach to the feet. A waistcoat of slight silk was left open at the bosom, so as to display the bust; it had sleeves made tight to the arm, and reaching nearly to the elbow; but the long sleeves of the chemise, which were open at the bottom, and very wide, were so long that they nearly reached the ground. The head-dress consisted of a turban shaped like a bell, and composed of the richest gold or silver stuff. A thick silk or woollen veil always enveloped the figure, whenever they appeared abroad. This is the

only part of their costume in which time has made an alteration ; for we find at the present day, that gauze and even muslin is used ; but the veil continues to be made long and loose, so that when the materials are light, it forms a picturesque drapery.

Before I leave the precincts of the Haram, I must take a peep into the dressing-room of a Moorish sultana. Her under garments consisted of loose trowsers, and a short tunic, over which was her chemise, composed of gauze, or slight silk ; it was the longest of her garments, for it almost concealed her feet ; it was embroidered at the bottom with gold or silver, or sometimes coloured silks, and fastened up round the throat, where it was embroidered to correspond. Over the chemise, was a bodice, always richly embroidered ; it was made with very short sleeves, which were confined over those of the chemise by a band of gold and silver ; the sleeves of the chemise descended to the wrist, where they were fastened by a band clasped with jewels. A drapery of gauze, or silk, which was very full, and shorter before than behind, was thrown over the chemise ; it descended no farther than the knee in front ; but nearly reached the ground behind. The Moorish ladies have always evinced a passion for jewels ; in former times, their heads, waists, necks, arms, and even ancles, were profusely decorated with them ; and they continue still to wear them in as great a quantity as ever.

Both formerly, and at present, the Moorish ladies concealed their hair under a little velvet cap, so thickly covered with gold or silver embroidery, that no part of its texture was visible. A long, full veil, composed of transparent gauze, was always attached to this cap ; it was thrown back, and fell in loose and graceful folds to the ground.

(To be continued.)

THE SPIRIT OF HISTORY;

OR,

Historical Essays

ON GREAT EVENTS RESULTING FROM MINUTE CAUSES.

(Continued from page 208.)

The imprudence of one of Honorius's Deputies, who read aloud a letter he had just received, occasions Rome to be besieged and plundered.

HONORIUS, son to the great Theodosius, was a weak prince, who neither knew how to command, or to enforce obedience; a timid and pusillanimous prince, who never dared to shew himself at the head of his army; an indolent prince, who never paid attention to the most important state affairs, but trusted entirely the administration of the Government to vile eunuchs, who daily imposed on him, and the command of his troops to avaricious and aspiring generals, who betrayed him with impunity. The barbarians, whom his courageous and active predecessors had constantly driven back, availed themselves of the weakness of the Government to make incursions into the Roman territory, like an impetuous river that breaks away the dykes that opposed its ravages. As they found no resistance, they carried their devastations to wherever their fury directed.

Alaric was at the head of the Visigoths; and terrified the Romans, who dared not go to meet a man who was so able a commander. Honorius, who was shut up in Ravenna, listened with tranquil imbecility to the shocking account of the calamities which his subjects were daily exposed to.

While the Visigoths were plundering cities, slaughtering the men, violating the women, setting fire to the churches, and laying the country waste, the cowardly emperor was playing with his poultry in his farm-yard. In order to rouse him from his indolence, some of the best inclined informed him of Alaric advancing with his troops; that he proposed going to Rome; and that after ransacking it, in all probability he would fall upon Ravenna.

Upon hearing this, Honorius called his council together, and told them, that an army must be raised to punish the savage invader. After using the most violent language, he finally decided that Alaric must be invited to lay down his arms, and appointed ambassadors to set off immediately to go and negotiate a peace with the Visigoths.

Alaric demanded a considerable sum of money to be sent to him, with a sufficient quantity of corn for the subsistence of his army during the winter season; he further wished the emperor to nominate him a general in the Roman armies.

Honorius communicated those propositions to the eunuchs, by whom he was surrounded, and who presumed to shew great assurance, because the enemy seemed to relent; they easily persuaded Honorius to adopt their sentiments. He accordingly wrote word to Jove, his ambassador, that he would take into consideration the article respecting the corn and money; but that he never would be so weak as to confer the title of general in the Roman armies to a ruffian like Alaric. Jove happened at the time to be in Alaric's tent, and was so imprudent as to read the letter aloud. Alaric, hearing of what was said about the title he had claimed, was incensed in an extreme, ordered his soldiers to raise the camp, and to march straight to Rome. Notwithstanding the resistance of the besieged, he rendered himself master of the city; and the Visigoths, in the excess of their rage, slaughtered the disarmed inhabitants, and set fire to the town.

A citizen, who had found means to escape, hastened to

impart the sad intelligence to Honorius, saying, "Rome is taken!" "How so, Rome is taken?" returned the emperor; "I fed her this morning." "Alas!" continued the other, "the Visigoths have rendered themselves masters of it; they plunder the houses, murder the men, violate the woman, destroy the churches, the palaces, and all the most beautiful monuments, erected by our ancestors." "Ah!" replied Honorius, "you are speaking of the city of Rome! I thought it was my favourite hen: she is safe then, thanks to the gods."

Amazement is at an end when so stupid a man is seen to sit on the throne of the Cæsars.

The severity of an Empress towards her daughter, is the occasion of Attila ravaging Gaul and Italy; and of the foundation of the city of Venice.

Placidia, the daughter of Honorius, and mother to Valentinian III. Emperor of the West, was a woman of intrigue; but aware how much the errors of the great are liable to be magnified, she took particular care to keep her amours secret, and never appeared in public but with an air of modesty which imposed upon every one.

The faults which she committed herself enlightened her with regard to those which Honoreca, her daughter, might happen to be guilty of; and all the moments that she did not devote to her pleasure, she employed in watching the conduct of that young princess. She would examine into all her actions, listen to her every discourse; not one single gesture did escape her scrutinizing eye; her attention was carried so far, that she would not even allow her daughter to look at a man.

This imprudent severity kept the youthful Honoreca in a continual state of fear, and that fear occasioned her to seek the means of deceiving her mother, so that at an early period of her life, she became proficient in imposture. Far from finding in her mother a friend, who, by her kindness, might accustom her to receive and to follow her advice, she only found a rigid censor, ever ready

to blame and to punish her. This young princess, a prey to the most violent passions, was unable to live any longer in the constrained situation in which Placidia held her. She sought the means of shaking off so insupportable a yoke; wrote to Attila, king of the Huns, a letter, in which she made him an offer of her hand; and, as a pledge of her faith, sent him one half of a ring. Attila, who only wanted a pretext to invade the West, availed himself of that which Honorea furnished him, wrote to the Emperor Valentinian that Honorea was his wife; and that he insisted upon her being sent to him; and on the half of the empire being given up to him as her marriage portion.

Valentinian refusing him, as he had foreseen, he put himself at the head of a formidable force, and entered Gaul, slaughtering the inhabitants, and setting fire to their homes. The famous Atius marched against him; defeated him; and forced him to evacuate the territory of the empire. But this defeat only irritated Attila the more: he collected all his forces; entered Italy; took Aquilea; put the inhabitants to the sword; and reduced the place to ashes. Milan, Padua, Verona, Mantua, &c. happened to be on his passage, and suffered from his barbarity.

The neighbouring people retired to the banks of the Adriatic gulph, where they built huts; others followed their example. Such was the origin of Venice.

Attila continued his devastations, till, at last, he accepted an annual tribute that was offered to him by Valentinian III. and returned into Scithia, where he died.

The upbraidings of Amalasonte, Queen of the Ostrogoths, in Italy, to a Prince on his avarice, occasions the death of that Princess, and the suppression of the kingdom of the Ostrogoths.

Amalasonte was the daughter of the great Theodosius, king of Italy, and of Andeflede, sister to Clovis, king of the Franks. All the historians praise her beauty: to exterior graces, she added every qualification of the heart and mind; the great and the people were unanimous in

admiring her. Theodosius unceasingly congratulated himself upon having given birth to so amiable a daughter; he devoted, to converse with her, all the time that he could spare from attending to public business. In order that he might keep her with him, he refused giving her in marriage to several monarchs who demanded her; and bestowed her hand upon Eutharic, one of his relatives, whom he proclaimed as his successor to the throne of the Ostrogoths. Amalasonte, not long after, had the misfortune to lose both her father and her husband. The grandees of the kingdom, who were acquainted with her virtues and abilities, proclaimed her Regent, with the title of Queen, during the minority of her son Athalaric, whom she had by Eutharic.

They were not deceived in their expectations; Amalasonte knew how to govern. She appointed to the command of the army skilful generals, who opposed successfully the efforts of the enemy; the state offices were filled by men of acknowledged merit; the conduct of the judges was investigated; the destitute were protected, and severe punishment prevented crimes being committed.

The avaricious and unjust Theodat, son to Theodoric's sister, fancied that, in consequence of his high birth, he might, with impunity, seize the property of individuals; he refused paying what he owed to some, and used violence to take possession of the estates of others. Amalasonte, ever mindful of what was going on, was soon informed of these acts of injustice; she accordingly wrote word to Theodat, that he did not behave like a prince; and that the people would hate him; she concluded her letter by ordering him to discharge his debts, and to restore what he had usurped. The vile prince, actuated rather by avarice than by honour, conceived an implacable hatred against the queen, and swore he would be revenged at the first opportunity. Pursuant to the habit of base souls of using treachery, he pretended to be thankful for the advice of Amalasonte, and to repent of his errors: he knew so well how to dissemble that, Athalaric dying a

short time after, she shared her throne with him, and had him proclaimed king.

The perfidious wretch accepted the crown with joy, because he foresaw it would afford him the means of ruining her who offered it him. Aware of the impresison which the virtues of Amalasonte had made on the people, he durst not at first manifest his nefarious designs. With a view of removing any suspicion which the queen might entertain, he always shewed her the greatest regard and submission. By this means, he was gaining his point. Amalasonte neglected to watch his conduct, so that the people and the soldiery by degrees grew accustomed to consider Theodat as their king. When he found his power was sufficiently consolidated for him to accomplish his projects of vengeance, he attacked Amalasonte; but to prevent his real intention of ruining the queen from being known, he at first persecuted only her friends and most zealous servants; one part of them he sent into exile, the others he condemned to die. A short time after, he had her privately conveyed to a small island of Tuscany; and protested to the Ostrogoths, that he had no share whatever in the retreat of Amalasonte, who wished to spend the remainder of her days remote from the disturbances of a court and the cares of government. He forced her also, by his repeated menaces, to write to Justinian, that she had quitted Italy because she found royalty tiresome.

The Emperor Justinian would have sent to Amalasonte's relief, if he had been informed of her wretched situation; but ignorant of the violence that was exercised against her, he gave full credit to the letter he had received. Theodat having thus used such measures to prevent the hard fate of the princess being known, ordered some of his bloody satellites to take away her life; and his commands were executed with incredible promptitude. The assassins set off immediately; found Amalasonte in the bath; and strangled her. They then returned to Ravenna, and published, that she had died in an apoplectic fit.

Avarice, that guided every action of Theodat, would not allow him to give those murderers the liberal reward he had promised them; they accordingly murmured; and the murder of Amalasonte was not long kept a secret: the Ostrogoths, the Italians also, lamented the fatal destiny of a princess, whose virtues had inspired them with veneration. As soon as Justinian was apprised of it, he flew in a violent passion, and swore he would avenge the death of a princess whom he loved and esteemed. He sent the celebrated Belisarius at the head of a powerful force into Italy. The Ostrogoths massacred Theodat, and proclaimed another king. All their efforts, however, were of no avail; Belisarius subjected part of Italy; the eunuch Narses, who succeeded him, conquered the rest, and completely overthrew the kingdom of the Ostrogoths.

(To be continued.)

COURT FOOLS.

THE custom of keeping court fools, at least professionally, has long since been discontinued. Fuller records a jest of the famous Clod, who was in Queen Elizabeth's service, which, it was said, proved fatal to Dean Perne, who was a true courtier, and had changed his religion four times in twelve years. Elizabeth, in company with Archbishop Whitgift, Perne, and Clod her jester, was desirous to go abroad on a wet day. Clod used the following argument to prevent her:—"Heaven, madam, dissuades you, for it is cold and wet; and earth dissuades you, for it is moist and dirty. Heaven dissuades you too by this heavenly man, Archbishop Whitgift; and earth dissuades you,—your fool Clod, such a lump of clay as myself. And, if neither will prevail with you, here is one (Dean Perne) that is neither heaven nor earth, but hangs between both, and he also dissuades you."

ALFRED;
AN HISTORICAL TALE.

(Concluded from page 213.)

HASTING first awoke. He saw a king, whom a profound and peaceful sleep had rendered insensible to danger, near perishing by the blackest treason; he saw himself in the midst of so many enemies, not less respected than among his own soldiers: he felt an indescribable emotion, the only remorse of the wicked. Alfred, as soon as he saw him, observed his agitation; but such a crime was far from his thoughts, and the name of the Lord, mingled with their oaths, removed all appearance of treason from his mind.—What can disturb you thus? said he. Alfred thought himself safe in your tent: do you think that hospitality is less sacred to him?—My lord, answers the Dane, if the name of Hasting has met your ear, you know that he is a stranger to fear. And why should I doubt your sincerity, when we come to obey the word of your Gods?—What day, and what place, will you appoint?—The nearest day, and the largest temple.—To-morrow, in Exeter.—We will be there.

Thou hast just appointed thy last day and tomb; says Hasting, as soon as he had left the camp.—He had no sooner returned to his own, than the report of his important message reached the prison of Alsaithe. The first sensation she felt was that of joy; but this was soon followed with the most cruel uneasiness. Her imprisonment, the ferocious silence which prevailed in the camp, the preparations, the agitation, the mystery around her, all excited mistrust.—Is it thus these cruel wretches are preparing for peace? exclaimed she; and not being able to endure so painful a doubt, she calls one of the soldiers

who guarded her prison.—Go to your prince, said she ; and beg him to grant me a short interview.—Gozon could ill dissemble ; he feared the looks of an alarmed mistress ; besides, it was unpleasant to appear before her at the time he was plotting so black a project. He refused the request of the soldier without hesitation. This refusal adds to the suspicions of Alsaithe ; she supplicates her guards ; but more prompt than the hind, threatened by the shafts of the hunter, she escapes from rather than prevails on them. Won by her virtues and graces, they dared not stop her.

She enters Gozon's tent, and at first endeavours to conceal her fears.—Ah ! my lord, said she, excuse my eagerness ! Is it true, that you have consented to receive our holy religion, to consider Alfred as your friend, and restore me to liberty ? But, my lord, how gloomy you look ! The God of Christians has spoken to you ; he spreads a mild joy in the hearts that he instructs ; and yet——How unjust you are, answers Gozon, hoping that conversation would conceal his confusion better than silence. Do you think then that I can renounce my Gods without regret, the throne of England, my glory, and you, who are dearer to me than my glory, my throne, and my Gods ?—Cruel man, when you attach so much value to these things, can I do otherwise than doubt your sincerity ? Ah ! if the God whom I adore had touched your soul, you would go to him with an humble heart, and an unruffled brow ; you would place your glory in serving him ; you would not envy the most unfortunate of princes, the throne of his fathers, and the heart which remained faithful to him in his misfortunes. But perhaps I have conceived unjust suspicions. No ; you will not sully your glory by the most cowardly treason. An abhorrence to your new subjects, suspected by your allies, hateful to yourself, you would always behold the bleeding body of Alfred between you and the throne ; in your sleep, in festivals, he would be always before your eyes ; his blood would follow you every where. Every where he would exclaim, I trusted

to your word, and you assassinated me! No prince more guilty could ever have endured a more terrible punishment. Stifle not the feelings which are excited in your breast; and take care not to forget yourself! A victim of your injustice, I have more than once witnessed your generosity. You are not naturally prone to crime; and if, in a dreadful moment, prompted by a deceitful fiend, your hand should commit it, remorse would prevent your reaping any advantage from it.

Know you the God whom I serve? Know you what his power is? Alfred, irritated by long suffering, and mortal offences, is eager to shed your blood, and is already marching against you: the care of the Lord is shewn in peace. The instant he quits the field, he stretches out his arms to you. If you take advantage of it to destroy him, you will call down the thunder-bolts of celestial wrath on your devoted head. You have been a fortunate warrior; be a hero. Have courage to continue the war, or virtue to preserve peace. But I have said too much; perhaps you observe my anxiety, the torments I endure; deign to remove my fears by a solemn oath: I may yet believe your promise.—Gozon seemed agitated with contending emotions; his words betrayed them not.—I know my duty; and shall do it: your suspicions offend me; and so many proofs of your affection for Alfred are little calculated to fill me with a desire of peace.—At these words, Alsaithe withdraws in silence. Her uneasiness was not dissipated. She believed that the determination of the prince was not irrevocable, and that what she had said was particularly repugnant to his pride. She also flattered herself, that Alfred would be on his guard against the snares of a hitherto implacable enemy, and that she herself perhaps should find some means to warn him. But the mistrust of Gozon soon forbid that hope; he ordered her to be guarded with more strictness than ever.

The next day, the two armies set out for Exeter; the Saxons regretted that the war was discontinued; and the foreigners joyfully meditating murder and treason.

Under the walls of the town, before the door which looks to the east, opens a spacious valley, where young men go to draw the bow, to break their horses, and contend for the prize of the race. There Alfred goes to wait for the Danes' passing. Some soldiers are sent before, to the end that, happening to discover the Saxons, they may not have to apprehend any snare. They arrived before it was mid-day. Alfred looked for the princess in vain.—I do not see Alsaithe, says he, at last; ought you not to have restored her to liberty in my presence?—She has not been able to keep up with us in so rapid a journey, answers Hasting. She is following us, and will be with you to-day.—The king, justly astonished at such a delay, said no more on the subject; he did not wish that the affairs of his love should interfere with the sacred interests of religion; and relied upon his sword for the fulfilment of treaties. He silently observed the Danish prince, who had the ferocious air of an enemy. This foreigner, ready to consummate an act of treachery, blushed to appear treacherous, and in this manner strove to lessen the horror of his crime in his own eyes. He laid down his scimitar and lance last of all, and, when he threw them upon a bundle of his soldiers' swords, shed tears in vexation. That which was only remorse for a crime already committed in thought, appeared to the hero a pledge of his good faith; so mysterious is the heart of man!

The ranks of each army, at the word of command, had drawn near without being confounded; but the voice which unites hearts had not spoken. At first the inhabitants rejoiced at the arrival of the Danes; but if cheerfulness be not participated, it vanishes like the pale rays which break through a tempestuous sky. Though the church was large, it could not contain all these sons of war; the greater number remained in the public squares, upon the ramparts, and before the doors of the town. A hundred priests dispersed among the pagans, were to sprinkle the salutary water of baptism upon them. Near offering the holy sacrifice, they did not foresee, that they

themselves were to be victims immolated at the altar of the Lord.

Before the commencement of the ceremony, a respectable bishop preached the doctrine of Christ. The divine spirit had descended on his lips. He had that persuasive eloquence, that irresistible tone of voice, which the apostles made use of, to teach to the world, sunk in the darkness of idolatry, the power of God, the voluntary death of his son, and the dazzling miracle of his death and resurrection. He shewed them the cruelty of their bloody sacrifices, and at once awakened the hearts of these barbarians to the feelings of humanity. Sometimes he filled their minds with the pleasures of peace and eternal rewards; sometimes he affrighted them with the horrors of war, and the excommunication of the curse. He opposed the mild doctrine of Jesus Christ to the ferocity of Odin's priests.—And take care not to think, added he, that our holy law can enervate courage: it has been established in the midst of proscription, poverty, and death: it has sprung up from the blood of its martyrs. Have we not known a number of these Romans, masters of the world, abandoning their magnificent town, despising even the light of day, to search the thickest forests, the most gloomy caverns, and prefer the wild fruits of their desert, the water of their brooks, and the contemplation of the cross, to all the pleasure, pomp, and glory of the age. And too often drawn from their solitude, delivered to the rage of ferocious beasts, and a vile populace; to the cruelty of executioners, who had not fire and steel sufficient to try their palpitating flesh; who tore their limbs, who burnt them, as well as flambeaux, in the gardens of emperors; and, by a still more horrible art, prolonged their existence in order to prolong their death; have we not seen them laugh at their funeral piles, bless them, defy pain, and in the midst of torments, proclaim their God, the conqueror of false gods. Have not you yourselves, O foreigners, you who, on this solemn day, come here to abjure the worship of your idols, a thousand times

experienced the constancy and firmness of Christians? Speak! Has there been one among them who wished to redeem his life by renouncing his God? Ah! turn, defer not! He calls you; submit to him; submit in sincerity. Nothing can stop you: the honour of the world, to which you attach so much value, your honour has remained unsullied. You depose not your arms at the request of man, but through the influence of God.—At these words, he stops; and turning to Gozon, says, in a milder tone, My lord, do you acknowledge the law of Jesus Christ?—The Danish prince, strongly affected, hesitated.—Let us forget our past enmity, said Alfred. You will become my son, according to the word of our Saviour; and I shall love you as a brother. Swear then, (for the word of a brave man is sacred to me), swear by your sword, by the cross even of that God, whose doctrine you are about to embrace, that you came here with a sincere desire of peace!—I came here to run thee through, says the foreigner; but I abjure for ever that horrible thought. As soon as I was in this church, I felt my resolution, which was made with regret, stagger. A powerful voice cried out to me, *Be a Christian!* I am Alfred's friend.—I am his defender, adds he.—Intrepid sons of the dreadful Odin, exclaims the high priest, raising the poniard which he had concealed under his mantle, confound the blood of a traitor with the blood of your enemies! When you are armed, when you have nothing to do but to strike, should you in an instant renounce your conquest, your glory, and the religion of your fathers? With this brilliant palace open to your exploits, they exclaim to you: Bely not your race; live and die like us! They speak to you of treachery! The treacherous are those who betray their Gods; those who, without the consent of their countrymen, dare to present the hand of peace to enemies. They speak to you of treachery! Christians, it is true, present themselves to you unarmed; but the voice of the Gods call you not to battle, they call you to the sacrifice. Do you reckon the glory

of pleasing them nothing? Ah! how they will rejoice at this immense hetacomb, offered in the temple of a God whom they abhor! What victory this day promises to your arms! But to delay is too much, though any of you should hesitate; imitate me; strike!—Whilst he was speaking, the Saxons had seized the torches, the footstools, the seats, the holy images of the martyrs, in fine whatever they could, with vigorous hands, snatch from the ground or walls. Despair produced arms. Blood was already shed. The priest of Odin had no sooner pronounced some seditious words, than he rushed upon his prince, and was near putting an end to him. But a number of Danes sided with Gozon; and the cause of the God of Israel reckoned not fewer defenders than that of false Gods. Hasting, after the death of the king, might aspire to the crown; he raises the sword against him; a traitor, and a parricide, he fights in the name of heaven, for his own interest. Those arched roofs, which had never resounded but with harmonious canticles, shook with the noise of arms.


Alfred, pressed on all sides, rushes into the sanctuary; a hollow place in the wall presents him a refuge from surprise; there he sustains a less unequal fight. He was armed with a misshapen and heavy sword, snatched from a lofty column, which it had propped. But the sword of Hasting reaches his generous bosom; and, O despair! his friends behold him bleed, and cannot defend him! The monarch, in the meantime, far from yielding to the pain of a deep wound, lessens not his blows, and feels his rage increase. Hasting and the high-priest attacked him together: he took advantage of this moment, and destroyed them both at once. Not far from him an enormous marble bason was raised upon a pillar covered with carved work; there was the holy water which washes away the sin of our first father. Alfred, whose arm the All-Powerful doubtless fortified, drags the sacred fountain from the wall; raises this enormous mass to the height of his forehead, and throws it upon the two chiefs. This

terrible stroke terminates at once their lives and the contest. The Danes, seized with a sudden panic, fall at the hero's feet; and these barbarians, lately ready to assassinate him, have the audacity to implore his mercy.—Live, says he, you are subdued; that's enough!

Gozon throws himself into the hero's arms, and both, without loss of time, swear an eternal alliance at the foot of the bloody altar. The foreigner, satisfied with reigning in the province of Mercia, was to surrender the two kingdoms of Saxony and West Saxony to their legitimate sovereign, and to be baptised, as well as his whole army.

The day following, the two kings went to Alsaithe. Gozon presents her with Alfred's hand; and says, You are free; and here is your husband. But disdain not the request of your ally: before you form the bonds which are to unite you for ever, wait till I am a Christian, and have left this place. I have made a great effort in consenting to your union; and feel that I should not be able to witness its consummation.—And turning to Alsaithe: A long time banished from your presence, I will endeavour to forget you: live happy, and cease to hate me.

At these words, he departs. The princess remains with Alfred; so great is her surprise, and the excess of her joy, that she is unable to speak; at length she is relieved by tears. The hero falls at her feet, and kisses her hand. O happiness! worthy of such love! Heaven will unite us, exclaimed she; and I shall be thy wife.

The dream of earthly felicity shone upon this august pair. Alfred raised the glory of his name to heaven by useful labours, in wars undertaken for the defence of his country; and such acts as ever conferred on his memory the blessings of the nation. 

THE DUPE OF SENSIBILITY;

A TALE, FOUNDED ON FACTS.

(Continued from page 218.)

THIS request was of a nature she had no occasion to repeat; he cheerfully consented; and to beguile the time, entered upon the occurrences of the evening. He particularly noticed, that he had perceived a great deal of malignity in the character of Snarl, even when he seemed the most cheerful. "You are right," she replied; "he never smiles but at another's pain. He retains the symptoms of content and cheerfulness when gratifying his own selfish inclinations. The dread of my husband's jealous disposition deters me from revealing to him his true character; I am compelled to curb my indignation when he pays us a visit, for fear of offending, as my husband terms him, his oldest friend. This forbearance made him bold a few evenings before your arrival; and, considering the loneliness of the place, had it not been for the accidental passing of a stranger, I know not to what lengths his brutal disposition would have carried him. Ah! Mr. De Wilde," continued she, "how blind to their own happiness are they, who, by a morose conduct, destroy the confidence of their wives! Can they expect that they will reveal to them what would but increase their jealousy, and render them more miserable than before? Amazement, mingled with rage, so completely altered the countenance of De Wilde, that, at the conclusion of her address, he appeared to Mary more like a demon than her hitherto kind and gentle companion. He clasped his hands, and with hands upraised, exclaimed, "Just heaven, reward the reptile! Impenetrable Power! for what end are such villains permitted to live? why are they suf-

ferred to enter the abodes of innocence and peace? Consume him, heaven! consume him! and let me be the agent of thy retributive justice!" His romantic and delirious expressions very much alarmed Mary; she entreated him to moderate his passion, and to leave in the hands of heaven the punishment due to his crimes. "Hear me," said he; "the absence of a few hours has convinced me, that your society is necessary to render me happy. Fly this hated house; I will protect you with my life." "Good heavens!" she exclaimed; "think you, I would leave my children; Oh! who give them bread when I was gone? Who would soothe their real or imaginary woes, and watch them with a mother's fondness? Monstrous proposal!—You would defend my honour! It is safer, sir, where it is." This bold and feeling reply considerably embarrassed him. After a pause, he thus addressed her—"Worthy, much-loved woman, I do not blame you. My rash and imprudent proposal justifies your resentment. But should the season of adversity overtake you—should your sorrows acquire the soothing attentions of another, think of De Wilde; and to the utmost he will serve you!" He spoke these words in such a melancholy, insinuating tone, that her rage and resentment was changed into a feeling of pity and forgiveness. With regret she saw him leave the room; every faculty of speech and motion was suspended, till her full heart found relief in a flood of tears.

Mary was sensible of the influence this man had over her. "She was happy," she said, "he was gone;" yet her expressions ill accorded with her inward feelings. Her struggle between duty and passion was truly distressing. Her sobbing struck on the ear of De Wilde like the death-knell which warns the criminal of his approaching fate. He started up; and in an instant was again in her presence. The delirium of the moment chased every sense of duty from their minds. Bewildered and lost, her efforts to disengage herself from his rude embrace were feeble; her remonstrances vain; he continued to imprint on her

fevered cheek kiss after kiss, till she fell the victim of his ungovernable passions!

With her honour, fled health, and the conscious satisfaction and support which virtue gives to misery. Her whole life, hitherto unspotted, except by the voice of slander, became, in one unlucky hour, black as the Ethiop's visage; the worm which gnawed in secret was proof against the seducer's consolation. In a few weeks, disease, with his livid hand, streaked with the hue of death her lovely cheek; and though at times irradiated with the glow of mimic health, it was like the spark which illumines the surrounding ashes, brighter the moment before extinction.

Wormwood, borne away by the violence of his feelings, had unconsciously wandered from the track which led to his house; and lost himself in the mazes of the wood. It was a cold, biting night; the gathering clouds had for some time threatened an approaching storm. The wind whistled drearily through the leafless boughs of the trees, whirling towards heaven the decayed foliage that lay scattered in heaps around. The rain began to descend; and so heavily, that though protected in a great measure by the canopy of intermingling branches, he was at last compelled to take shelter in the hollow of an aged oak, which he discovered through the gloom by its mouldering whiteness. Here he passed the night, exposed to the damps and cold, till Aurora, from her watery bed, diffused her light through the realms of shade. The first object that attracted his notice was the hut of a woodman. He had wandered so long in the dark, that he could not ascertain in what direction to proceed; he resolved therefore to seek for information at the hut; and obtain, if possible, some refreshment. The cold had so benumbed his limbs, that, though the distance was short, it was some time before, and with difficulty, he reached it. The interior of the walls now glowed with the blaze of the fire; and through the open lattice was seen the cottager preparing his frugal meal. As Wormwood ap-

proached nearer, the hard features of this man, as he caught a glimpse of them, arrested his attention. In the belt which surrounded his middle was stuck a huge knife, the handle and blade of which seemed smeared with blood; his hands also bore similar indications; and conveyed to the mind of Wormwood the idea of a murderer. He had been for some time a silent observer of this terrific object, when just as he was about to speak, the eye of the solitaire discovered him. His long, shaggy eye-brows immediately arched with a feeling of astonishment, and then contracted into a stern, ferocious frown. "How long have you been at that window?" he demanded, in a voice which corresponded with the garb and features which he had. "Just come," replied Wormwood, assuming a confidence and familiarity he was far from possessing; "I have been exposed all night to the rain and cold, and without your help shall not be able to extricate myself from this confounded wood." The cottager paused; looked suspiciously round; then with a slow, and apparently reluctant hand drew aside the bolts of the door. As Wormwood entered, the forester expressed his astonishment that he should have entered the wood in so dark a night; but added, "I'll direct you within twenty miles of my cot." "Will you?" said the other; "you are a good, kind fellow;—but is not this a dreary place for an old man like you to live in?" "I have not much company, I confess," he replied; "yet it serves my purpose; and I am always glad when a visitor cheers my cottage." "Well then, I'll make free; you shall do the same when you come to Wormwood Hall." "Wormwood Hall! you have wandered, indeed," replied the cottager; "'tis seven miles from that, at least." "The deuce it is!" said Wormwood; "it is a long way to walk then without having some refreshment. Can't money procure me some in this wilderness?" "Money!" ejaculated the other, with some surprise; "your stay must be short then; I have business in the next village of the greatest importance. There," said he, producing a cheese, a loaf, and a small jug of ale, "feed on that; or

go farther and fare worse." "As I live," said Wormwood, laughingly, "were your looks like your actions, you would be fit company for a prince." "Keep your jokes for your friends at the Blue-lion," replied the other, sternly; "my looks, like my actions, have deceived more than you." "I don't doubt it; but how the devil do you know I go to the Blue-lion?" asked Wormwood. "Finish your repast, and be satisfied—I do know it," said the other, and left the cottage. He had not been gone many minutes, when a deep sigh, succeeded by a groan, filled Wormwood with terror and suspicion. He looked around—seized one of his pistols, and approached the place it proceeded from; his horror increased when a voice, which he knew to be the same that addressed Snarl so mysteriously at the inn, desired him to fly the place; and if he could not save him, to revenge the foul deed. He stated, that he had been decoyed to the hut, under the pretence of giving him shelter for the night; that he had imprudently rewarded the ruffian for his supposed goodness; and in giving him money, had shewn a considerable sum that he had about him; in short, he had been robbed, and left for murdered. Wormwood could only grasp the hand of the stranger; for the horrid spectacle had deprived him of speech. "Look to the wretch," he continued, "whose thirst for revenge has inspired you with base suspicions—your wife is innocent—fly, fly, and save me!" "Never!" exclaimed the ruffian, who was entering as he spoke the last words; and darting towards them, aimed a blow at Wormwood; he was fortunate enough to ward it off. Wormwood pulled the trigger of his pistol, but from extreme agitation, grazed only the shoulder of the murderer. The knife fell from his hand; a dreadful scuffle ensued; and Wormwood sunk at last beneath the grasp of the ruffian. "Your life is in my power; yet I have no wish to shed more blood; promise secrecy for three days; and instantly leave my cottage." Wormwood's efforts to disengage himself only irritated the assassin the more. "Promise," he exclaimed, "nay,

swear, or, by hell, you rise not till I have sealed my safety with your death." Wormwood remained silent; he saw the knife fall; and while he held him, was under no apprehension of being hurt; every attempt of the other to regain his weapon was useless, and in one of them Wormwood got up. The stranger breathed his last, accompanied with a groan, which vibrating on the heart of Wormwood, nearly deprived him of reason. In an effort of strength, he dashed the head of the villain against the wall. Each, as if by mutual consent, let go his hold. For a moment, Wormwood stood motionless; then bounding from the cot, was soon lost in the wood. He fortunately took the right direction, and soon came into the beaten track which led towards home.

(To be continued.)

ICELANDIC WITCHES.

OF the witches, and the estimation in which they were held among the Danes and Anglo-Saxons, we have some curious notes in Erin's Rauga Saga, and other Icelandic annals. One of them is thus described—"There was an old woman, named Heida, famous for her skill in divination, and the arts of magic, who frequented public entertainments, predicting what kind of weather would be the year after, and telling men and women their fortunes. She was constantly attended by thirty men-servants, and waited on by fifteen young maidens." These venerable hags were all old women; for age among our ancestors was always connected with an idea of wisdom; and princes and great men were desirous to invite them to their houses, to consult them about the success of their designs, the fortunes of themselves and families, and any future event which they desired to know. On these occasions, they made great preparation for their honourable reception, and entertained them in the most respectful manner. The de-

cription of the witch Thorbiorga, in Ranga Saga, and her interview with Earl Thorchill, are curious. She is represented as the only survivor of nine sisters, all witches, or fortune-tellers, who were famous for their knowledge of futurity, and who frequented public entertainments, when invited. Earl Thorchill, in order to be informed when a sickness, or famine, would cease, which then raged in the country, sent for, and made proper preparations for the reception of Thorbiorga. On her arrival in the evening, she was dressed in a gown of green cloth, buttoned from top to bottom; about her neck was a string of glass beads, and her head was covered with the skin of a black lamb, lined with that of a white cat; her shoes were of calf's skin, with the hair on, tied with thongs, and fastened with brass buttons; and on her hands were a pair of gloves, of white cat's skin, with the fur inward; about her waist, she wore a Hunlandic girdle, at which hung a bag, containing her magical instruments; and she supported herself on a staff, adorned with many knobs of brass. On her entrance, the whole company rose and saluted her, and Earl Thorchill advancing, took her by the hand, and conducted her to the seat prepared for her, on which was a cushion of hen's feathers. After some ceremony, and refreshment was set before her, Thorchill humbly approaching the prophetess, requested to know what she thought of his house and family, and if she would be pleased to tell them what they desired to know. She answered, next day she would fully satisfy them; accordingly, on the morrow, having put her instruments of divination in order, she commanded *Godreda* one of her maidens, to sing the magical song, called *Vardlokurb*, which she sung with so clear and sweet a voice as delighted the company, and in particular the prophetess, who declared, that she then knew many things respecting the famine and sickness which before she was ignorant of. The famine would be of short continuance, and the sickness would abate. Each of the family then asked her what questions they pleased, and she told them every thing they desired to know.

TO THE

EDITOR OF THE LADIES' MUSEUM.

HINTS to IMITATORS of the PRESENT DAY.

SIR, OR MADAM,

PERHAPS there is no country at present, and most assuredly there never was any in the antique world, where the human character presents itself in so many varied shapes, and is so thoroughly fantastical, as in England. Hence the dramatist can find innumerable subjects for the exercise of his ingenuity, whose actions do not altogether issue from the primary passions of our nature, but are rather subdivisions of passions, or caprices, which have a wonderful influence on our manners; indeed, in so great a degree as to colour every movement of our lives with the hue of that governing and particular folly. In this country, the social character changes its appearance as often as the camellion; our vanity, and the contradictory desires arising from that vanity, give birth to an endless succession of deeds which did not originate in reason, and cannot terminate in happiness; nay the phraseology and idiom of the current language is purposely tortured and perverted to aid and sustain that spirit of singularity and notoriety which actuates so many of our weak countrymen; and as the weakest portion of most communities form the majority of it, it may not seem very extraordinary that our eccentricities should so greatly preponderate over the influence of good sense.

The two great sources which cause their treason to propriety, are, in my humble apprehension, our love of fame, and our freedom of speech; both of which, it must be admitted, are, under due regulations, eminently neces-

sary; but when either is licentiously indulged, they can only operate to render us ridiculous.

The weight and responsibility attached to a singularity of manners are what few are fitted to bear; and it is a burden which few assume *but those whose intellects are lamentably insufficient.*

There is a species of animal barbarism, which has obtained a baneful influence among us, called *vocal and rhetorical imitation*; its *professors* affect to announce it as a *mimicry* of fraternal imbecility and error; yet it is but a dispiriting caricature of the effect of a fallible organization, as managed by a fallible judgment, and which ever must be liable to misrepresentation so long as the actor and his mimic shall be imperfect, which will be till the final sigh of nature. All such *mimicry* should be *banished* from the *stage* as *unworthy* a rational being to utter, or to hear, inasmuch as it aggravates an infirmity to the annoyance of truth, and makes the struggle of ambition subservient to the meanest purposes of deception. If the smallest tube is injured or removed, which sustains our anatomy, the frame will become ineffectual; and if the connecting beauties of the performer are withheld, merely to form a *hiatus* in speech, or an unharmonized tone in delivery, the most perfect efforts of a Garrick would have seemed derogatory to renown, in such an illiberal and partial detail of consequences.

Such attempts may be tolerable and even wonderful in a marmozet or a jay, but are assuredly to be regretted in a *human being*.

CRITO.

BON MOT.

AN Englishman at Paris, seeing his friend deeply engaged in a *tête-a-tête* with a demoiselle highly painted, dressed in mourning, said, he was losing his heart at *rouge et noir*.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE CRIPPLE.

A SOLDIER, who had been many years deprived of a leg and an arm, that he had lost in the wars, contrived, by the help of a wooden leg and a strong crutch, to move himself along with tolerable facility and safety. It happened one day, as he was pursuing his way along a very miry lane, that an elderly gentleman, of a most prepossessing aspect and gentle demeanour, accosted the maimed soldier in a kind and familiar tone; asking him various questions respecting the battles in which he had formerly been engaged, and where he had lost his limbs; to which interrogations the cripple gave candid and civil answers. The eloquent philosopher next commenced a regular attack upon the erroneous construction and internal defects of his wooden leg and crutch; on the manifest bad qualities of which, (without noticing a single good one), the stranger expatiated with great zeal and eloquence. The listening soldier felt surprise and sorrow on hearing on what unworthy supporters he had so many years relied; but the philosopher plied him so close with learned arguments, and bore down his understanding by such volleys of wit and ridicule, that he became ashamed of his old auxiliaries, and joined the philosopher in condemning them as worse than useless appendages. The philosopher next asked his permission to take the leg and crutch to pieces, to show, by ocular demonstration, their internal defects; to this insidious proposal, the credulous warrior too readily assented; and handing the leg and crutch over to the narrator and detector of their bad qualities, he very deliberately snapped into twenty pieces the props that had, for so many years, kept the cripple out of the mud, who, forgetful of past benefits, seemed to rejoice at their degradation and demolition! The philosopher then asked the cripple, if he ought not to feel for ever grateful, for having his eyes thus opened to truths that so nearly concerned him; who readily answered

in the affirmative;—the philosopher then admonished the cripple to be aware, in future, of being *imposed upon by false appearances*; and kindly taking the only hand he had, and expressing the tenderest concern for his welfare, took his leave, his active limbs soon taking him out of sight.

While this philosophical discussion was carrying on, the philosopher and the cripple sat at their ease upon a green bank, under the shade of a spreading oak. So intensely occupied was the cripple with the lessons of *wisdom* taught by the *charitable* stranger, that he totally forgot he had lost the power of reaching his home without trailing himself, like a snake, on his belly through the mud!—It was *then* he *felt* all the folly and ingratitude of which he had been guilty! It was *then* he became sensible of the *obligations* he lay under to the *benevolent philosopher*; alone, disastrous intelligence he cursed, as he mournfully cast his eyes upon the wreck of his former faithful supporters, and recollected the ill-timed scorn with which he had descanted on their supposed defects!—But reflection and remorse were alike unavailing. He was far from home; his path was dirty and uneven; nor was it till he was exhausted by fatigue, and covered with mud, that at last he was perceived by some neighbours, who kindly supported him to his residence.

The *moral* of this beautiful metaphor* is too obviously striking to require elucidation. All that remains to be added, is, that before the *Deist* or *Atheist* attempts to eradicate from the mind of any human being the consolation he has been accustomed to derive from *revealed religion*; he ought, in common justice to be provided with *infallible* means of supplying his convert with a better and surer guide to *temporal* and *eternal* happiness.

* Although the writer of this article never saw the story of the Philosopher and the Cripple in the English tongue, it is not an original idea. About twenty years ago, a small tract against *Atheism* was written by some Frenchman of distinguished talents, and dedicated to the memory of his friend,—who had been murdered by the populace at Rome. It was printed at *Radstadt*, on the *Rhine*, and this fable was contained in the preface.

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS

FOR OCTOBER, 1819.

The condition of the country becomes very alarming. We do not intend, by the use of this term, to administer to the purposes or objects of any party whatever ;—neither on the one hand to encourage a panic favourable to the measures of government ; nor on the other, factiously, and for selfish purposes, to affect to condemn a real state of danger for the object of reproaching government with measures despotic beyond the necessity of the case. These are the extremes of the two parties, and we feel it a duty to put our readers on their guard against both these excesses.

A select meeting of the livery took place on Friday, 24th September, at the London Tavern, to take into consideration such measures as might be subservient to procure due order and decorum, during the proceedings at Guildhall, on the 29th inst. Mr. Dixon opened the business, by urging the necessity of making a great stand on the 29th, to oppose any attempt of the popular party to force upon the Lord Mayor any question unconnected with the regular business of the day ; but subsequent to several observations, Mr. D. sat down.—The meeting dwindled to no more than between thirty or forty individuals, after several resolutions had been put and carried, but not without much discussion and diversity of opinion. This attempt, however, did not succeed ; the bulk of liverymen carried all their resolutions, and would not permit Mr. Dixon, or his party, to address them.

Meetings are called, or calling, in all parts of the kingdom, to take into consideration the proceedings of the Manchester magistrates ; and several of those meetings have already occurred, and have been as most respectably attended as they were conducted with tranquillity.

We cannot but declare that we derive great satisfaction

from this spirit of regularly assembling, and peaceably discussing the question.

The public meeting held at Leeds, on Monday, September 23rd, was for the purpose of taking into consideration the most effectual constitutional means of removing the sufferings under which the country now labours, and reviving our expiring trade; to pass an opinion on the charge our Prince has made against his Majesty's most loyal subjects, the reformers; and to afford us an opportunity of expressing our abhorrence of the outrage committed on our peaceable and unoffending countrymen, at Manchester, on the 16th of August last; and also to address the Prince Regent and the nation, on that cruelty; and other melancholy and afflicting evils of the times.

There might be from 10 to 15,000 persons present. The speakers were rather less violent than they had been heretofore. No outrage of the slightest kind was offered to the persons or property of any individual; and the people, having accomplished their object, retired peaceably to their homes.

Meetings of a similar description were held, or called for, in all parts of the kingdom. That of the county of York, which took place in the Castle Yard, at York, on Thursday, October 14th, was attended by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Fitzwilliam, Lord Milton, and other distinguished noblemen and gentlemen, whose names had been affixed to the requisition addressed to the High Sheriff. The meeting was extremely numerous; not less than 20,000 persons were present. Large bodies of freeholders, preceded by bands of music, and bearing flags with devices, expressive of their political opinions, marched in regular order to the meeting, but notwithstanding these formidable appearances, the tranquillity of the city was not in the slightest degree disturbed. The High Sheriff did not conceive it necessary to marshal a military force for the preservation of the public peace, nor to close the gates of the Castle Yard, against the bands of music, flags, &c. which presented themselves for admission. To some objections urged upon this point to the High Sheriff, that gentleman, with constitutional pro-

priety and equal spirit, exclaimed: "Let every freeholder enter; I rely upon their discretion and good sense, and will secure the peace of the county with my stavemen." The result justified his confidence, and evinced that the men of the great county of York knew as well how to enjoy freedom as they have ever proved themselves capable of maintaining it.

The business of the meeting was opened by the Duke of Norfolk, who, in a brief speech, maintained the right of the people to assemble in public for the discussion of political topics—complained of the conduct of the magistrates of Manchester—lamented the sanction given to such conduct by the ministers of the crown—and sincerely hoped that the example of that day would be followed by every county in the kingdom. His Grace concluded, by moving the resolutions.

From these last lines, the purport of those resolutions may easily be formed an idea of; we, nevertheless, cannot forbear giving one at full length: may the moderation in which it is couched serve as an example to future movers of resolutions.

"That without adverting to the objects to which the meeting of the 16th of August last was directed, we are of opinion that the circumstances connected with its dispersion, call for a full investigation, in order that measures, which, unexplained, tend to establish a precedent of the utmost danger to the liberties of the country, may be constitutionally vindicated, if found to admit of satisfactory justification; or, if not, that they may be authoritatively marked with due censure and condemnation."

The Honourable L. Dundas, M. P. seconded the resolutions, and deprecated, in very strong language, the proceedings of the 16th of August. "Let us," said the honourable gentleman, "at least, in charity hope, that out of this scene of mischief some good may arise."—Amen, say we.

Mr. Stuart Wortley, and Mr. F. Wilson, were the only two persons that raised their hands against the resolutions.

The former honourable gentleman, in a manly and ingenious manner, acknowledged the necessity of an enquiry, but contended that such an enquiry should not be instituted in parliament, but be submitted exclusively to the tribunals of the country.

October 6th,—This being the last day of the election of Lord Mayor, both the hall and the hustings were crowded to excess. At the close of the polling, Mr. Alderman Bridges was exactly 1001 in advance:—

Bridges, 3007 | Thorpe, 2003 | Wood, 2006.

On the Friday following, the choice of the Court of Aldermen was declared in favour of George Bridges, Esq. to be Lord Mayor for the ensuing year.

The inquest held at Oldham, so many days, on John Lees, one (out of the many hundred) sufferers by the charge of the Manchester Yeomanry, is adjourned to the 1st of December.

Mr. Richard Carlile was tried before the Court of King's Bench, on Tuesday, 12th October, for the republication of *Paine's Age of Reason*; and on the day following, October 13th, for the publication of another blasphemous work, entitled *Principles of Nature; or, A Developement of the Moral Causes of Happiness and Miseries among the Human Species*. In both cases, the jury brought in their verdict GUILTY.

Parliament is summoned to meet on the 25th day of November next, when the late events at Manchester, and the state of the country, will no doubt be the first and chief subjects of consideration.

The establishment of a British settlement at Sincapon, appears to be of sound policy and wisdom. By recent treaties, we had made great concessions to the Dutch in the eastern seas. In consequence of the result of the negociation concluded by Sir T. Raffles, in part of the Most Noble the Governor General, it is to be hoped that we shall counteract the monopolizing spirit of our Batavian competitors.

The following are extracts from the Paris Journals of Tuesday 18th,

“ At the Hotel of the British Embassy, yesterday afternoon,

there was some doubt relative to the arrival of the Princess of Wales in Paris ; it would appear to have been the belief there, that Her Royal Highness had continued her route without passing through, or at least without alighting in the capital.

“ We learn from Lyons, that Her Royal Highness maintained the most strict *incognito* in that city.”

The late advices from Spain bring intelligence that the yellow fever had not only become more malignant in its effects, but more extensive in its ravages. The average number of deaths has risen to 89, and it was supposed to be upon the increase.

The equipment of the expedition, so long destined for South America, of course has been abandoned, and, by order from Government, the ships sent into dock for the winter. In consequence, a number of vessels of war have lowered their masts.—Seven captains of transports lying in the harbour have fallen victims to the disorder. Whether any of the sufferers are English, is not stated.

Very gratifying accounts have been received from New South Wales, of the health and flourishing condition of the British colonies there established.

Advices from Bermuda of the 21st August, (and received by way of Norfolk (Virginia) announce the existance of a malignant fever at Hamilton, a spot hitherto justly celebrated for its salubrity. Eight cases are mentioned of that disease which terminated fatally ; and the account adds, that “ several soldiers in the hospital, and several seamen from vessels in the harbour of St. George, had also fallen victims to it.”

Papers and letters from Philadelphia, give the most deplorable accounts of the commercial distress which pervades the United States, from one end of the union to another ; and of the termination of which they have at present no prospect whatever.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE.

ON Monday, 11th September, was performed at this theatre, *The Suspicious Husband*; the maiden, if not the only play ever written by Dr. Hoadly.

During the provincial tour of our "great tragedian," the town will undoubtedly have no occasion to complain, so long as comedies like *The Suspicious Husband* are produced for their entertainment; and especially when the principal character is sustained by a representative like Elliston. His *Ranger*, we will presume to affirm, is not to be surpassed by any of his contemporaries, neither has it been equalled by any of his predecessors, Garrick excepted, as we are told by the happy few who remember our *Roscus*. It would be needless to attempt conveying an impression of the spirit and glow about Elliston's performance; to be rightly felt and understood, it must be seen.

Mrs. Edwin's *Clarinda* has met with success. With regard to the part of *Strickland*, we need only say, that Mr. Pope resumed his professional career in that character, to make our fair readers satisfied with the merits of the performance.

To the inferior character of *Lucetta*, Miss Kelly's superior abilities gave unprecedented effect; so that the performance altogether made us sensible of the truth of an old trite adage—"There cannot be too much of a good thing."

On Wednesday the 20th inst. a new opera, the production of the late Mr. Tobin, the author of *The Honeymoon*, *The Curfew*, &c. was performed at this theatre, under the title of *The Fisherman's Hut*. It is rather extraordinary that the several songs introduced only in the manuscript of the author, should confessedly be far superior to those which have been offered to the public. The only

apology made for this deviation from the original, some might think to be a lame excuse; our opinion upon the occasion is of a different nature: we are told, that Mr. T.'s premature death had left the play in an imperfect state—Who can find fault with the dead?"

Durazzo (Mr. Penley) and Rosano (Mr. Hamblin), two Italian noblemen, are in love with the Countess of Modena, (Mrs. West). The rival suitors agree to decide their pretensions to her hand by the sword; and meet accordingly; but the Countess making her appearance on the field of battle, the two champions renounce carrying matters to an extreme; and engage to abide by the decision of their beloved, who declares in favour of Rosano. Durazzo, exasperated at the preference given to his rival, employs some pirates, who succeed in carrying off the Countess. The friends of the lady then offer a reward to recover her. Balthazar, a Jew, (Mr. Dowton) hears of the proclamation, and charges a fisherman, called Nicolino, (Mr. Harley) who had sold him a diamond necklace, known to have belonged to the Countess, with being concerned in carrying her off. Nicolino in consequence is taken before Stephano, (Mr. Munden), a judge, who allows him, from substantial reasons, to remain at large until the evening, but on condition, that he ascertains, within that period, what is become of the Countess. This, however, he is enabled to do, as, wandering by the sea-shore, with Leah (Miss Carrew), and Martha (Miss Kelly), he discovers the Countess confined in a cave.

Meantime, Durazzo appears in a ship of war to seize upon his prize, but subsequent to his landing from her, his vessel is destroyed by a storm. Thus frustrated in his project, he is forced to carry the Countess to his castle, which, after an obstinate resistance, is stormed by the peasants, fishermen, and soldiers, collected and headed by Rosano. The Countess then is restored to her preferred lover.

An entertaining underplot is carried on during the main action, which is rather in the style of the melo-drame. Martha contrives divers schemes to divert the judge and the Jew from the prosecution of Nicolino the fisherman.

This drama is not destitute of merit; we even think it will have a considerable run. Munden and Downton were literally the pillars of the piece. The Countess and her two lovers occupy too subordinate a part, however. A bold idea, entirely novel, and which, perhaps, has not been rightly understood by the audience, is a kind of an incantation, sung behind the scenes, by Miss Povey, who never once makes her appearance.

Penley and Hamblin never appeared to greater advantage. Harley displayed his wonted animation in the part of Nicolina. Miss Kelly and Mrs. West contributed most materially to the general effect. Two of Miss Carew's songs were not comic, but executed with her habitual taste.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

THE principal novelty at this theatre has been the appearance of Mr. Farren, in Dominie Sampson, in the play of Guy Mannering. The character has been in the hands of Liston from the first production of the opera: he had made it his own; and had thus given the public that notion of it by which they will compare all future representations. It was under this disadvantage that Mr. Farren presented himself before an audience which did not receive him quite so well as he perhaps deserved. The efforts of art, besides, are of little service, when nature has refused to dispense those gifts, if we may call them so, which occasionally prove powerful and conquering allies. Miss Tree also appeared as Lucy Bertram with greatly increased success.

4th Oct. Was produced a splendid spectacle called The Gnome King. The scenery, machinery, &c. exceed all we ever witnessed, and deserve the crowded audiences which they attract. We really wish that the music and dialogue were more worthy of such splendid scenes, and of the good actors and singers by whom they are said and sung.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR NOVEMBER, 1819.

MORNING DRESS.

A HIGH dress of cambric muslin, trimmed at the bottom with broad French work, and tucks above. Pelisse, light buff Merino cloth, trimmed with *gros de Naples*, of the same colour, intermixed with ethereal blue satin. The waist rather long; the top sleeves and the cuffs made to correspond with the trimming. Bonnet of blue levantine, ornamented with lace and flowers. White kid gloves, and black shoes.

EVENING DRESS.

A WHITE crape dress, open at the bottom of the skirt, rounded at one corner, and square at the other; it is over a white satin slip, ornamented with blond shells upon bands of pink satin; these bands go entirely up the skirt behind. The petticoat trimmed to correspond. [The *corsage* is cut low, ornamented with a small pelerine of blond lace. A short, full sleeve, trimmed to correspond with the dress. Head-dress, a tiara of flowers, with large bows of hair behind, and light curls in front. Necklace and ear-rings, of garnets and pearls. White kid gloves and shoes. Fashionable colours for the month are—rose-colour, fawn, Clarence blue, and moroon.

For these dresses we are indebted to Miss Pierpoint, maker of the corset *à la Grecque*, of No. 9, Henrietta-street, Covent-Garden.

With the exception of these dresses, there has been no new fashion since our last Number; but we are promised from some of the first houses, descriptions of several new articles of costume now in preparation.



Fashionable Morning & Evening Dresses for November 1849.
Invented by Miss Tierspoint, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

Pub. Nov. 1. 1849 by Dean & Morley Threadneedle Street.



THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

LIGHT AND SHADOW.

Lady Light would retire to her glorious bed,
Lord Shadow would closely pursue her.
And patiently wait till she lift up her head
In the east, where he loiter'd to woo her;
Thro' the morn they would dally
O'er woodland and valley,
As brightly and darkly as lovers beset,
Not a bird, beast, or tree,
But their mirror's might see,
And repose in their magical glories as yet.

On the depths of the seas, on the bosoms of rivers,
Would one swim in stillness, and softness, and beauty;
The other would swim in affectionate quivers,
Or wait under clouds at the zenith of duty;
If Light was receding,
Then Shadow was speeding
To kiss her, to cool her, and steal her away,
But she would not be prest,
While the day was at rest,
Tho' she lov'd with his innocent amours to play.

If she glanc'd on the castle, the prison, or tower,
He would creep on before, or behind her, and kiss;
Not a nook, or a cloister, a branch, or a flower,
Could elude his attachment so happy as this:
O! thou heavenly sheen,
That for ever hast been

The sun's holiest essence immortally pure,
 All the cherubs above
 Are array'd in thy love,
 And no wonder the Shadow's affections endure!

And what are Love's dreams but as shadows and light,
 Alternately dark'ning and bright'ning the mind;
 And what are Love's feelings in absence, in sight,
 But endearing creations to heaven resign'd;
 Misfortune and Pain
 May join Woe's dark train,
 And the sorrow's of Love may be checker'd awhile,
 But Hope's beamings shall shine
 In Faith's radiance divine,
 And the features of loveliness endlessly smile.

Islington.

PRIOR.

“MAN IS MADE TO MOURN.”

ON how fragile a base do we happiness rear?
 'Tis destroy'd with a sigh—'tis dissolv'd with a tear!
 Yet, so blind are our judgments, we deem we have plann'd
 A proud structure whose strength shall immutably stand!

We repose our fond hopes with a confident trust—
 Lo! blasted and scatter'd, they mix with the dust,
 And our *wise* calculations of refuge we find
 To be founded in error—that shal of the mind!

Love, Friendship, and Fame, I have built on you all,
 But, alas! my crush'd spirit still bleeds with your fall;
 From your desolate site Thought in agony flies,
 And would snatch the deep slumber of Death from the skies!

15th Sept.

C. FEIST.

TO MY BELOVED WIFE,

ON THE BIRTH OF OUR FIRST CHILD.

THERE is an agonizing hour,
When nature's pangs have fearful pow'r;
There is an hour of joy and pride,
Dear, beyond all of life beside !
Who would believe that bliss and woe
In close companionship could go?
Yet in life's hours, as swift they run,
The hour of joy and grief is one :
Ask you this wond'rous hour of earth ?
'Tis that which gives an infant birth !
And one more dear cannot be giv'n,
Except the hour that leads to heav'n !

My own dear love ! 'twas thine to know
This hour of mingled joy and woe,
The throbbing pang, the soul-felt sigh,
Repaid by *infancy's first cry !*
Thanks to high heav'n for all its care ;
Thanks for the bliss it bids thee share ;
Thanks for the skill that lent its pow'r,
To aid thee in that trying hour !

And for our babe ! the timid dove
Can only emblem it, my love ;
Its gentle breathings but disclose
Soft summer Zephyrs on a rose ;
Its innocence,—though priests maintain
We all are born with sin's foul stain,—
Might emblem seraph forms of light,
That know not nature's sinful night ;
Why else are angels painted fair
As babes, if pureness is not there ?

If heaven permits our daughter's life,
For years within this world of strife,
This, love, must be our constant pray'r,
That heav'n may make the child its care ;

Then may we see her days increase
 In virtue, loveliness, and peace;
 Humility and truth her guide,
 Unknown to arrogance and pride.
 Thus may she make us rapture share,
 O'erpaying each parental care:
 Thus, my dear love, thy gentle soul
 May feel of bliss the sweet controul,
 And filial duty's fondest pow'r,
 Reward the pangs of nature's hour!

J. M. LACEY.

SONG.

Oh! hasten, dear lassie, the moon's shining clearly,
 The fairies are dancing in yon ruin'd ha'
 The young year is budding around us fu' cheerly,
 All nature seems bidding us hasten awa'.

Oh! lang ha'e I woo'd you wi' bow and wi' token,
 And aft ha'e I seen a love smile in your ee;
 Then let nae the promise you plighted be broken,
 Leave riches, dear lassie, for rapture and me.

She tied up the lang hair that shaded her bosom;
 She left the auld man wi' his riches and ha';
 She fled wi' the lover her young heart had chosen;
 And the moon shone fairer to light them awa'.

CONTENTMENT.

Down in the vale, a rural cot,
 Peeps through the bushy foliage green,
 Where peace and virtue grace the spot,
 And vice is never seen.

There dwells a happy simple swain—
 There dwell his wife and offspring dear;
 Pride never gave their bosoms pain,
 Nor guilty conscience, fear.

Their homely meal no pomp displays,
 Their manners too are plain and mild;
 No costly suit the swain arrays,
 Nor yet his wife or child.

Nature alone informs their hearts,
 Untaught by books of good or ill;
 Each trifling charm such joy imparts,
 As virtue must instil.

Contented with their humble fare,
 They pass their happy cheerful hours;
 No wishes vain their peace ensnare,
 Their path is strew'd with flow'rs.

Then blest is he who feels resign'd,
 For peace like this is *wealth* and *fame*;
 Riches can canker peace of mind—
 The other's but a name!

J— P—.

SONNET.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MY TWO SISTERS.

~~~~~  
 " Sweet to the sweets—farewell!"  
 ~~~~~

ELATE with hope in youth's first budding charms,
 When joyous childhood frolic'd without fear,
 When each soft bosom felt no sad alarms,
 Nor beauty's eyes were damp't by sorrow's tear!
 'Twere thine, dear sisters, with the softest smile,
 To cheer my morn of life with ev'ry sweet;
 Alas! that those remember'd forms the while,
 Which cherish'd mem'ry fondly loves to greet,
 By the chill hand of death, should soon in gloom
 Fall like frail flowers!—now together laid
 In the dark chamber of the silent tomb,
 Shrouded and pale within the cypress shade!
 But there's a voice shall bid the good arise,
 And bliss eternal crown them in the skies.

August, 1819.

HATT.

GODWIN AND JEAN;

A SCOTTISH TALE.

LOUD roar'd the wind, in torrents fell the rain,
And bitter blow'd the blast on Morven's plain;
Affrighted shepherds ran to seek their flocks,
And some were lost in caverns and in rocks,
Whilst others in the ocean swept away,
And never more beheld the break of day.
Such was *that* night, the last of all the year,
The still-remember'd night that shepherds fear;
Godwin alone, by Providence design'd,
Godwin, the best of all the shepherd kind,
Return'd in triumph with his fleecy care;
And thatch'd them safely from the midnight air.
'Twas then that Jean her smiling infant press'd,
And hugg'd it closer to her gentle breast;
And dried those tears, like roses wet with dew,
That trembled in her eyes of lovely blue!
The good man safe, her all of wealth was spar'd;
For Jean with Godwin *more* than riches shar'd—
'Twas peace! 'twas something more than transient love;
(Tho' Godwin from his Jean could never rove)
And twice ten months since she a bride had been;
The *honeymoon* still beam'd on lovely Jean.
'Tis true indeed, for Godwin never jarr'd,
And no domestic quarrels ever marr'd,
To make their marriage state but half complete;
But all with Jean and Godwin was replete
With mutual love, exchang'd each tender fear,
And liv'd a life of intercourse most dear!
A baby soon, an infant cherub, came,
To fill Jean's arms, and grace his father's name;
'Twas nine months old, that very luckless day
That swept the shepherds' flocks and herds away;
Jean felt not the pitiless storm, 'tis true,
Yet saw the horrors of the storm in view;
And saw her Godwin drench'd with rain and cold;
And all her trembling fears in anguish told

To wither'd Marg'ret, now three-score and ten,
Who dwelt for many years in forest glen.
"Ah! sure enough," cried Meggy, "danger's near;"
(Her looks the while expressing dread and fear),
"And see, my child, the candle, it burns blue,
A spark too flies—dear heart! it flies to you!"
Of good Scotch-snuff then Meggy took her fill,
While nappy ale she warm'd, and drank a gill;
For Meg was old; and Jean she lov'd to give
To 'other's wants, that she herself might live.
The tempest ceas'd, an awful pause was made;
And Jean on Meggy's lap her baby laid;
The fire blaz'd—potatoes smoking hot—
The cloth was spread, and all for supper got:
An elbow chair, with Godwin's coats hung round;
And shoes to change were plac'd upon the ground.
The clock struck ten, Jean's heart began to beat.
She fancied that she heard her Godwin's feet:
"He's come," she cried, "go, Meggy, bring the ale;"
But only Watch it was that wagg'd his tail!
Sad omen to the fond and anxious wife,
Who fear'd some ill assail'd his master's life;
The baby cried, and Meggy shook her head—
"Alas!" said Jean, "my Godwin—he is dead!"
Like lilies pale then turn'd her blooming cheek,
And little more she said, she scarce could speak;
But Meg was skill'd, her knowledge to impart,
And shew prescience in her mystic art,
"Jean," cried she, "why he's alive and merry;
For *red* the candle burns as any cherry!"
Prediction, sure enough, for Godwin came,
And clasp'd his Jean, and hugg'd the good old dame,
Detail'd the sad disasters of the night;
And *now*, indeed, the candle it burnt bright,
Or bright it seem'd to Jean. The babe undrest,
Reclin'd its head upon her gentle breast;
And press'd its little fingers here and there,
And play'd and sported with her glossy hair,
Whilst the fond mother clasp'd his rosy feet,
And gave him kisses numberless and sweet.

Meanwhile old Meg the supper serv'd at last,
 And grace was said, to crown the sweet repast;
 The good old Bible on the table spread,
 And Godwin, ere he rose, a chapter read;
 Then all retir'd; Meg sought her humble cot;
 And Jean and Godwin bless'd their happy lot!

October 11th.

C. G. WARD.

EPIGRAM.

MADAM! you will not find it hard
 To make a *worthy man* your lord;
 But I deny you ever can
 Make of your lord—a *worthy man*!

WOOD.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Lament of Sir William Wallace, by Mr. T. Wood, shall appear in our next; and his other favours will have an early insertion.

The productions of Mr. C. Feist are always acceptable; and shall have a place in the following Number.

The Sonnet by R. J. and Lines to Miss M. C. by Y. Z. are inadmissible. —It is painful at all times to reject the contributions of our Correspondents; but it is a duty we owe to ourselves and our readers, not to admit half-finished and hasty productions; we therefore again request, that they would revise their compositions before they send them for insertion; it would save us much trouble, and reflect greater credit on themselves.

The Adventures of a Sovereign, will be resumed in our next.





Painted by C. Smith

Engraved by D. Martin

Miss Anne Maria Tree.

Pub. Dec. 1848. by Dean & Munley, Threadneedle Street.